Madame Wong at Home

A Thrilling Tale of Mystery, Dealing with a Startling Phase of

Hyprotic Influence and Double Personality

[Chapter XXIX. Concluded from Yesterday.] billty was strong that he would never have

The Missing Man

Lenora, who saw in the newspapers the

statement that Henry Ashley was arrested,

went to see the prisoner, but cried out in

astonishment when admitted. He denied

that she was his wife, but she, thinking

It best for my safety, declared that she

was. She saw now that I was at large,

and she knew that the prisoner was the

man she had seen in Grovedale, and whom

she had for a time mistaken for myself.

She was convinced that he could be no

other than my twin brother who had been

seeking me, but she, of course, said nothing

to any one except to me when we met in

Meanwhile, I had found the notebook and

read it with interest. I saw that Vane was

a bank cashier, and I judged him to be an

had noted down-a "gold ring for Clare," "a

writing book for Perley," and his wife's re-

There were allusions to his business at

quest to "bring himself and let it be soon."

the bank and the mill. His partners were

named Henderson and Carter, whom I saw

in another place spoken of as "Uncle Car-

learned, and the president was R. H. Hast-

ings. There was a great deal besides that

told much of his life, both private and

In the pocket of the notebook was a key,

and a ring with the words "in trust" en-

graved inside. I put on the ring and de-

termined to use the key, for I fancied it

to be the key to the bank, and I believed

I could open the safe from figures which

found in another receptacle of the note-

book. I judged by these figures noted down

that he did not dare trust to his memory,

which, no doubt, had been gradually fail-

which I found without any trouble, the

newspapers in their eagerness for the sen-

sational having given full descriptions of

it and the village generally, in connection

with the alleged mysterious disappearance

of the bank cashier and his previous

strange periodical trips, of which the re-

porter made the most he could without

actually questioning the honesty of the

When I mounted the steps to the bank

'Hullo!" I answered, and added, "You

a young man hailed me. "Hullo!" he said.

didn't expect me back so soon, did you?"

and after the reply that he did not, he

passed down the street. But I was afraid

he might return and I worked hastily, open-

ing the vault and safe by the figures I had

found, and taking two notes of four and ve nundred each, which I judged would

In Vane's bag I found a small box con-

taining some gold shirtstuds, and in his

overcoat pocket a silk traveling-cap, all of

which bore his initials. As I had been seen

to enter the bank I judged it best to make

It appear that it was in reality the right-

ful cashier, and I left one of the shirtstuds

on the desk, and then as it occurred to me

that he would be expected to visit his own

home, I walked to the river bank and

tossed the cap carelessly into the bushes

and dropped the other shirtstud on the

graveled bank; not without some qualms

of conscience, for there arose in my mind

the distress of his wife in thinking he might

be drowned. But I rejected the thought

in a moment. He would soon be released,

and then it would be all right, I reasoned.

Meanwhile it was well for me to have the

affair wrapped in mystery for the present.

at the bank. There was no need of any

hypnotic or unusual methods to deceive

Simon Low. I looked exactly like the man

he knew, and he recognized me as Vane

Hamilton almost directly, paying over the

money without comment or question. To

the other bank I produced credentials and

by R. H. Hastings, whose handwriting

imitated from a note I found among Vane's

belongings. I afterwards wrote the letter

placed it there myself when on my way to

as if the cashier wished to make it appear

that he would soon return and exonerate

Osborn from suspicion in a manner to make

After this I stayed in Quebec for a long

time, receiving letters from the States

which I was too wise to notice, for I was

sure they were lures; and I eluded Bruce on

the street, for he had been pointed out to

When he entered my whiskers had been

stripped off, my tall hat crushed to a low

one, my countenance was changed by facial

contortions to the appearance of a full-

faced man, and I was talking Dutch with

great volubility as I sipped lager beer. All

had been done in a few seconds of time,

and though he looked at me suspiciously

and questioned me sharply he evidently

failed to connect me with the man of whom

Finally, I read in the newspapers of the

death, by drowning, of Henry Ashley, with

an account of the whole affair, a summary

of his life and dishonest course, which it

stated had culminated in insanity and

I was sincerely sorry for all this, though

I reasoned as he was insanc he probably

failed to realize the horrors of his situa-

tion. I was not hard-hearted naturally,

and my wicked life had failed to make me

wholly bad. Though the declaration will,

doubtless, be questioned, I will still ven-

ture to state-for it is true-that I actually

grieved over his death though I did not

know him, and I felt regret for the sorrow

of his wife and children, and tried to think

it as well that they did not know of his

There were even times when I felt myself

to be almost, if not quite, the means of

his death; but Lenora endeavored to con-

vince me that he was insauc when I met

him, and without my intervention might

have been arrested in my place, and as

there was no means of actual identification

about his person or belongings, his name

appearing nowhere in full, that the proba-

he was in pursuit.

me as a detective, by diving into a cellar.

the affair still more dark and puzzling.

oin Lenora in Canada. In the letter I wrote

found under the bank president's door.

a letter purporting to have been written

I altered the notes and presented them

be useful. But I took no money.

went to Grovedale and to the bank,

ing him for some time.

Tony Osborn was the bank clerk, I

onored citizen. I read the commissions he

Canada a few weeks later.

By MARY R. P. HATCH

found his way home. And I tried to be-

Marks, my evil genius, was in Canada,

and it was he who, after the death of the

supposed Ashley, whom we knew to be

honors of my dead twin brother. There

would be no danger at all to me, he argued

with my peculiar gifts and talents. The

bank matters had been laid bare by the

newspapers; pictures of many prominent

citizens had been given, and I had his

notebook, the ring, and some articles of

the gift of mind reading, the subtle mag-

netic or psychical chain which binds one

individual to another, making them one

through transmission of the vibrations of

the mind. I cannot expiain the phenome-

non, but the impression in one mind doubt-

less produces an idea or emotion, the emo-

tion an impulse to the imagination which

constructs a vision, for I see, actually see,

what passes in the minds of others. Upon

this gift Marks declared I might depend,

and he instructed me in the science to

which he himself had introduced me until

I really felt myself possessed of an almost

irresistible power, and one that awed me

We made many experiments with Le-

nora's assistance. I would will that she

should get up in the night at midnight to

sweep the room, and she would arise and

sweep it as well and carefully as though

see perfectly, without any light. I would

pinch my arm, and when Marks was the

subject he would suddenly cry out and

clap his hand to the exact spot. But enough

of this. It will be seen that my power over

At last I decided to go to Grovedale and

pretend I was Vane Hamilton, who had lost

had informed myself of one or two similar

cases when the mind had suddenly re-

covered its powers, and it would agree,

I reasoned, with his manner when he was

on the train, which was said to have been

skillfully carried out, would explain par-

tially the altered notes which I was to

profess to know nothing about, but to

make up if trouble seemed likely to grow

real Vane Hamilton would have done had

he returned after the hallucination had left

his brain and memory. He would know

curred. I would know nothing. If the doubt

remained strong about his coming to Grove-

dale and presenting the notes, he would,

doubtless, with his sense of honor, offer to

repay them. I would do so, but I would

say nothing about a twin brother, for he,

it appeared, had never mentioned the mat-

ter to any one, not even to his wife, or so

newspapers stated; and it would be far

that any such person existed.

better for my plans not to have it known

It is known how the plan succeeded, but

When I stepped from the train and

it is not known how it was regarded by

walked up the street I perceived looks of

recognition from the few persons whom

encountered, but none addressed me, so

concluded they were not personal friends

of my brother. As I neared the marble

shop the door was being opened, and I saw

the monument and the name Vane Hamilton on it. A beautiful woman stood looking

at it, and I conjectured it was his wife.

Nay, I knew it to be when she cried out

and fainted. I went in and bent over her

and I marveied at her beauty. As I looked,

a mighty love formed in my soul for her.

I cannot understand it. I only know I loved

her with an undying passion. I forgot

Lenora, forgot everything, even the part

I was to play, as I gazed at the beautiful

statuesque figure extended in all the pathos

But I recovered my composure suffi-

ciently to play my part of the returned

husband. I knelt at her side, but felt it to

be almost impossible to so much as touch

her hand, and I was almost relieved to

perceive that she shrank from my half-

hearted caresses. For how could I approach

days that followed. It was not unsuccess-

fully done. The children clung to me from

the first, Mr. Carter was like a father

n his kindness, Constance only was cold.

But I did not wish to remove the barrier

between us. I was not such a villain as

that, and from the first my calculations

had only extended to the position held by

my brother in the bank and mill, not to

that in his wife's affections. I was mar-

But my plans changed. I saw that it

would not be politic to take the position

of cashier, even if it could be obtained,

and I decided to renounce it and, for the

present all designs of appropriating its

funds or those of the mill; for my over-

powering love for Constance increased day

by day while I lived under the same roof

And then the tempter came in the per-

son of Marks. "Marry her," he said, "for

I see you love her. She is rich, and you

can help the rest of us. Business does

not prosper as it used; our operations are

"Marry her!" I echoed; "how can I.

An evil smile lit up his face, but he only

said, "Lenora may die, she is far from

strong;" but I thought nothing of all this,

for I ald not think he was bad enough to

attempt her life. Now I know that he was.

know that it was he who sent the poi-

I saw a notice of her death in a news-

paper which, no doubt, he sent to me. But

there was nothing concerning the suspicions

regarding the cause, and, indeed, I do not

think they awoke until Bruce began his

Marks came to me soon afterwards and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 2, PART 3.)

investigations in the claimant case,

I played my part as best I could in the

such a woman with familiar touch?

of lost animation before me.

ried, and Lenora loved me,

too well understood.'

when Lenora is alive?"

sound ri. ; in my name to her.

the notes or what had oc-

In short, I decided to do exactly as the

musual. Besides, such a statement, if

his sense of identity, but recovered it.

individuals was great.

out of the matter.

were midday, evidently being able to

Besides, I possessed in an unusual degree

Vane Hamilton, proposed that I return

Orient and Occident Join Hands; Life of High-Class Chinese Family

Peculiar Mixture of Oriental and American Customs in the Wong Household on Broadway, This City... Family Traces its Lineage for

Twenty-eight Hundred Years... Gracious Hospitality

holds more than ordinary much like the surrounding residences, big and modern and attractive and which, in itself, would be no more interest-

Americans are commonly accused of being branded deep with the mark of vulgar curiosity, but one doubts if it is mere curiosity that makes the home of Mr. Wong an interesting place. The life of planted to American soil holds a fascina-

tion for anyone with a sense of observa-

above or the square below. It is the house-

hold within that holds interest for almost

the interest as plain curiosity. Mr. Wong, who is the Chinese commissioner to the Louisiana Purchase Exposi- adopted American clothes and are as happy tion, brought his family to America early Lou's established them here at 1520 Broadway. Mr. Wong himself was obliged to leave his family for several months, returning to China to escort Prince Pu Lun to as a place of residence for the family and intended to establish them in Hartford, Conn. On a visit to Indianapolis, however, transferred his preference from New Engthis city now numbers among its residents the quaint, interesting little group of Chi-

SON OF CHINESE ADMIRAL. The family includes, beside Mr. and Mrs. Wong, two sons. Vung Loong, sixteen years of age, and Vung Tsing, who is six; two daughters. Jung Ying, fifteen, and Jung Yuk, who is twelve; a nephew, Wong Lin Ting, who is twenty-two, and Sah Fu Klung, who is seventeen. Mr. Sah is the navy, and is betrothed to Mr. Wong's eldest daughter. The other members of the household are three Chinese servants, a cook and two other men. Mrs. Wong has no maid, the Chinese women of the servant class being so superstitious and generally unmanageable as to make their removal from their native land a dubious con-

to Grovedale to take up the position and esting in its mixture of Orient and Occident. Small, boyish caps of rough cloth affairs and personages connected with the are flung American-wise on a modern hallseat, and the chairs and tables in the house are duplicates of those in other well-furnished American homes. against the walls are hung panels of rich and wonderful embroidery, whose designs and exquisite work are essentially Chinese; priceless vases and bowls; a cabinet of exquisite little dishes of hammered silver; and here and there the vivid red and yellow "long-gee," the dragon flag of Chinabring a touch of the Orient into the Amer-

> The routine of the daily life differs little from that of the well-ordered American family, and the ease with which the household has adopted American ways is equaled only by the rapidity with which the members are taking up the American speech. All the younger members of the household go to school; the two daughters and the younger son to the classical school, the older son to one of the grade schools, and Mr. Sah to Shortridge. The rising hour and the hurry and bustle attendant on getting off to school differ in this house in no wise from the usual American rush in that important process. Madame Wong herself is perhaps a little more luxurious in her habits than the usual American woman; she seldom comes down stairs before noon, and not always then, unless something special requires it; but that does not after the fact that she is the absolute law, and perhaps the most noticeable difference between the Wong household and the usual American home is the deference and the unquestioning obedience shown her by all memoers, from

the smallest one up. In spite of the fact that the cook is a fied form, in the Wong household. The family holds strictly to the Chinese cusof the dishes served are Chinese delicacies which are imported regularly from China for the family. Madame Wong has, of her stay here, but she has given one or two small dinners, and at these knives and forks are always provided for the guests, although some of them prefer to follow the custom of the family and use the chopsticks. The serving of the dinner has something of the spice of variety in it, for the cream de menthe and the sweets are served first of all and are followed by the heavier courses. The sweets differ essentially from American candies-they are usually candled fruits of the greatest delicacy, which lack the ultra sweetness of American sweetmeats. The entrees are served after the sweets and the dinner usually includes a number of meat courses together with such characteristic Chinese delicacies as preserved eggs and sharks'

The dishes on which the food is served are enough to make a collector's eyes glisten-china of eggshell delicacy; and the oddest, quaintest pieces of silverware of exquisite design and workmanship. The little silver wine cups, with their tiny saucers are the quaintest bits, but the dainty little silver dishes for sauce are silver, with slender handles and filigree since, bowls, for almonds, are among the other

unusual bits of tableware. INTERESTING MADAME WONG. Of the members of the household, Madame Wong is perhaps the most interesting, because she is not in the least Americanized. She is thoroughly Chinese from the top of her sleek black head to the tips of her tiny pointed feet. She has no intention of adopting American dress, and one does not wonder at her determination when one hears of the chest full of exquisitely embroidered Chinese gowns that the dainty little woman brought across the sea with her. Madame Wong does not wear a hat-indeed, she has not one to wear; and once in a while people in the shopping district of Indianapolis are stopped by a little group crossing the pavement from carriage to shop, Madame Wong in her rich Chinese draperies, her smooth black hair uncovered, and, in all probability, a fan clasped in her hand-as quaint and characteristic a figure as one of those on her own richly embroidered wall panels. Madame Wong has not been very well during her residence in Indianapolis. She finds the variable climate very trying. especially during the spring. She goes out but little, and does not see very many people, except her neighbors and the friends whom she knows best here. She will never under any circumstances see anybody except her very intimate acquaintances until her hair is "done," and the doing of her hair is a more elaborate process than is American coiffing. The long black tresses must be smoothed to the appearance of polished black ivory before she s content to appear before visitors. Madame Wong is deeply interested in her American friends and she visits them now and then in a most informal way after the American fashion. She is exceedingly sweet and gentle in manner, dignified, and the essence of politeness. An interview published not long since credited Mad-

T on Broadway there is a house ame Wong with some views decidedly ad- his betrothal in a manner at once so digniverse to American people and American fied and so matter of course. TRADITIONS VIOLATED. is very seldom shocked over things that American. Last of all, even if she did all Indianapolis and the doorplate gives the think such things about us, she wouldn't reason why, for it bears the name, Wong say them, for she has the Chinese idea of politeness, which is far more compre-

HAS SENSE OF HUMOR. But her politeness and her dignity do not keep Madame Wong from having a sense of humor. She speaks but little English, but in spite of that drawback she is an animated conversationalist, for she understands almost anything that is said to her, and she sparkles and glows in tion and it is rather unfair to characterize return. She dearly loves a joke, and sometimes plays them on her friends.

The daughters of the household have black hair bobbed Boutet de Monvel fashon, and her round, golden, Oriental face. The sons have also adopted American to walk. Her tiny feet, not bigger than a clothes and American ways. They skate, good-sized baby's, keep her from being play baseball and do all the things the usual American boy does. Their English vocabulary is amazingly adequate. Sah Fu Klung is one of the most interesting members of the household. He has a greater knowledge of English than any of the others, having studied it two years in China, and he receives most of the visitors of the household and acts as interpreter when necessary. His manners are delightful, and in spite of the inevitable strain of entertaining an English-speaking visitor bent on knowing things, he has an ease and graciousness of demeanor that few American boys of seventeen possess. One wonders what he really thinks of the questions which have been piled upon him since the establishment of the Wong famly in this country, but whatever he thinks there is not the faintest hint in his manner that the questioners are out of their province. He tries to answer every quesion as fully as may be and makes the questioner feel that he is really glad to be asked. Mr. Sah is in Shortridge and displays the "S" on his coat lapel proudly. He is enthusiastic in his liking for the school and his schoolmates, as well as for Indianapolis people generally. He has oined the track team and is as enthusiastic about his athletic training as about the school itself. Mr. Sah is betrothed to the eldest daughter of the Wong household. "I shall be a son-in-law in a few years," The interior of the Wong home is inter- he answers gravely and unhesitatingly in reply to the question as to whether he is

Usually Chinese boys and girls who are Sah has been with the Wong family for several years. Mr. Wong admits that in permitting his prospective son-in-law to be a member of his household he is defying all Chinese traditions, but Mr. Wong is one of the advanced men of the empire and is not bound by senseless tradition.

The whole family is fond of amusements and all kinds of games are played by the boys and girls. They are especially devoted to ping pong, and the long table in the dining room is usually ready for ceedingly fond of the theater, and find partial lack of English proving no hindrance to their enjoyment of the "turns." interest they themselves excite, they enjoy houses that are near enough to permit her much of a pedestrian, and her walks are friends is proverbial, and the Wongs carry out the traditions of their race in their bstowal of gifts. Fans of rare workmanship and exquisite decoration, tiny vases, bottle shaped, with the marvelous designs painted through the neck on the inside of the vase, the odd Chinese counting machines, the vivid red and yellow dragon flags, and even rolls of exquisite silks and handsomely embroidered robes are among

their intimates among their Indianapolis One of the interesting traditions of the Wong family is that of its founding, which occured a small matter of 2,800 years ago. The height of the family tree is rather appalling to the average American, who deems himself of an old family if he can trace his lineage as far back as the revolu tion. The founder of the Wong family had twenty sons, each one of whom he sent to a different part of the empire. Before send ing them away he wrote a poem, a copy of which he gave to each son, who committed it to memory. The poem has been handed down through all the generations and every man of every generation in all the vast family has been able to repeat that poem. The Wong family will remain in Indianapolis for an indefinite time. They will spend part of the summer at the exposition and may also take a cottage at one of the summer resorts for some of the sum-American boy of seventeen proclaiming mer months.

the things that they have presented to



Three of the Wong Children

Union Label, Chief Weapon of Labor, Is Used by Millions

Frank G. Carpenter Talks with Prominent Labor Leaders on the Use of the Label ... D. M. Parry's Union-Made Clothes ... Use of the Label in Hats... Is the Boycott Right?

and he would not believe it until the label

If you are a horseman look well at the

AKE off your hat and look inside shoes on your steed before you go to the blacksmith's, for if they are not union-If it has a union label pasted made, your horse's feet may go bare. I there it was made by union labor. talked the other night with a Philadelphia Pull off your shoes, and you may millionaire who has a five-thousand-dollar find the union stamp on them; and if you go team. He was driving last week on the over your clothing, bought in a ready-to- outskirts of the City of Brotherly Love. wear shop, you will, in all probability, find when one of his horses dropped a shoe. The the union label of the Garment Workers coachman picked it up, and the team was sewed inside the pocket or under the col- slowly walked to the nearest blacksmith lar. David M. Parry, the anti-union organ- shop and the man asked to nail on the shoe. izer, was surprised the other day when he He looked at the horses and examined was told that his clothes were union-made, their feet, and blankly refused the job. He said the shoes were nonunion, and that the horses had been shod by nonunion labor, and that he would not touch them

Adscript Club of Indianapolis Is A Rather Unique Organization

Its Membership is Composed of the Advertising Writers of the Big Business Houses of the City ... The Club Has Many

a relative of the Wong family. Fancy an

Social Features HE Adscript Club of Indianapolis is an organization devoted to the interests of the advertising writ-

ers and managers of the city. It is only of recent origin, but the growth has been so rapid that there are few clubs in the city enjoying such pros-The organization of this club was perfected at a meeting of a few of the local advertising writers at the apartments of

H. H. Paramore, in the Denison Hotel, on the night of Feb. 1 of this year. The men who attended the meeting were so enthusimoving spirit of the house. Her word is astic about the prospects that at the next meeting, which was held a few nights afterward, the club was launched upon its career, and has been adding to its member-This club is managed upon rather a

Chinaman, there is a good deal of Amer- unique basis, since there are no honorary members, and every one who belongs is required to pay full dues, and is recognized tom of eating with chopsticks, and many as an active member. While one might infer that it is an organization expressly for local men, it is not confined to such, course, done but little entertaining during as members are admitted from the surrounding towns, and lately many of the advertising men from Anderson, Muncie, Greenfield and other towns that are connected with the city by interurban lines have joined, and attend the meetings reg-

> The membership of the Adscript Club is limited to fifty, and while to the average person this may seem small, it is not, and is ample to admit everyone who is eligible to membership in Indianapolis and vicinity. The by-laws, which were drafted at the first meeting, are very specific about who shall become members and say that only those who are advertising writers and managers and at the present time are actively engaged in the work are entitled to belong to the club. Advertising solicitors and those engaged in advertising business except as stated cannot become members under any consideration.

Through John Saulter, an active member of the Adscript Club, the Merchants' Association tendered the use of its rooms, which the advertising men accepted and almost as pretty. Two-pronged forks of in which they have held their meetings ever

SOURCE OF BENEFIT. The advertising men have found the club a source of great benefit to them, not only from the fact that they gain much useful information by attending the meet- establishments located here and also proings, but also because they are a class of mote Indianapolis products.

Horace E. Ryan,

meet each other in a social way. Consequently, otherwise they would not have an opportunity to exchange ideas which is

There are few people who realize what an excellent class of advertising writers there are in this city. In fact, it is said that few cities can boast of having as brilliant and clever a body of men engaged in this work as Indianapolis. The men here have all had much experience and, as a rule, are decidedly original in the advertising they

When all of these men get together at one of their charcateristic meetings some very excellent ideas are brought forth. It is said that those who are clever and who have had the most experience are among the best members, so far as attending the meetings is concerned, and that they are always willing to give advice and entertaining talks to the others and in this way much valuable information comes to

It is contended that these meeting are not only for the purpose of advancing personal acquaintance and promoting good fellowship, but that they do much toward developing the individuality and usefulness of the men who are members of the club. Another thing that these meetings are noted for is that they give the advertising writers and managers a chance to acquire information, which to them is invaluable, and it is also contended by the members that in a general way the organization strives for the betterment of the advertising of this city in regard to the various

While the object of the club is, in a sense, social, this feature is only secondary, the real object being of a more serious nature. When meetings are held some member is booked to read a paper upon a subject that is of the greatest im-'portance to advertising men. When the paper is finished a general discussion takes place, at which the various members set forth their views on the subject. In this manner each one gets a chance to advance his opinion, and in these discussions many original ideas are brought out.

A paper was recently read by H. H. Paramore on the cyclone that occurred in St. Louis some years ago. The paper was slightly out of the ordinary, and was a literary effort worthy of much praise. He vividly described the origin of the cyclone, the course it followed and the manner in which it dicappeared. It was very interesting, and was highly appreciated by the A very original idea in vogue at the meetings of the Adscript Club is called a question box, and was proposed by Don Smith, vice president of the organization. This question box is for everyone who has a question he desires the advertising writers to discuss. These questions must concern advertising and business establishments of various kinds. This feature has been a means of advancing many important discussions, and the members fully realize the

Members Frequently Indulge in Interesting Debates on Topics of Vital Interest... Membership of Club Limited to Fifty...

Denison Hotel. Every one present was required to give a toast and talks were limited to some success or failure which the speaker had experienced. Since all of the men present have had much experience some of the stories told were very unique and humorous. They did not all tell particularly of their successes, as one might imagine, but they indulged in many tales of their failures as well; and some of these also had a humorous side, and it was this that the advertising writers dwelt One of the objects of the club is to give a

another one is now near at hand, but no arrangements, as yet, have been made INTERESTING DEBATES

the club is apparent in numerous ways, but one of the the most original things done by any of them was the application which J. S. Wetzel filed with the secretary at the last meeting. Mr. Wetzel, besides being an advertising writer of much ability, possesses considerable talent as a pen-andink artist. The application for membership ne made himself, and it is an entirely original design. Mr. Wetzel has drawn many pictures for different magazines, and the members of the Adscript Club greatly appreciate his application, filed with his own

At the last meeting Horace E. Ryan, secretary of the club, read a very interesting paper. The subject he discussed set forth the fact that a business house that can afford to advertise at all may spend 4 per cent. of its gross earnings for advertising. At the next meeting E. C. Ropkey and Mark Dennis are on the programme to read papers. The former will tell of the whys and wherefores of retail advertising without the newspaper as a medium, and Mr. Dennis will present the subject of trade marks, their abuse and value as advertisements. The meetings of this club continue all the year through, but no doubt many enjoyable little excursions will be arranged during the summer months. The election of officers takes place on Feb. 1 of each year. Those elected at the

organization of the club are: Don Smythe, president, G. W. Gribble, vice president, and Horace E. Ryan, secretary.



G. W. Gribble, Vice-President Adscript Club

for love nor money. They then walked the horses to the next blacksmith shop, where they met with similar treatment, and then to a third, where the smith replaced the shoe, but only on condition that he be paid four times the ordinary rate, because the work in the first place had not been done by union men. The first two men were told that if the shoes were not put on the horse might go lame. One man said he couldn't help that, and the other did not LABELS FOR EVERYTHING.

I am surprised at the growth of the union label in all sorts of business. It makes its appearance on the loaf of bread that comes to me with my breakfast. There Details of Organization is a union card in the shop where I get shaved, and if a little baby friend of mine could read it might see it in the bottle from which it sucks its condensed milk. I was told the other day at the American Federation of Labor here that that body sends out 25,000,000 labels every year, and that each of these finds a place on a union-made article. The United Garment Workers, who make a large part of the clothing of the country, spend \$50,000 a year advertising thier label and warning people not to banquet every three months. The time for buy goods upon which it is not used. There are fifty different labels indorsed by the American Federation of Labor, and those trades which cannot use labels have union The meeting nights are the first and third cards hung up in their shops. The sales-Mondays in each month. There is always men, barkeepers and waiters all have cards a good attendance and much interest is of their own, and labels are used by coopshown in the meetings. At the one held ers, hatters, shoemakers, laundrymen. April 4 quite a warm debate was indulged leather workers, cigar makers and every in by H. H. Paramore and G. W. Gribble. union manufacturer under the sun. The The subject was: "Resolved, That the first label was used by the cigar makers small advertiser of to-day has as good an in 1880, the first hatters' labels were put out men who work entirely alone and seldom opportunity for success through advertis- in 1885, the first printers' labels in 1887 and ing as at any time in the last twenty the first garment workers in 1891. I am not years." The affirmative was argued by Mr. arguing for or against these labels, but merely stating facts.

The cleverness of the various members of MITCHELL AND THE UNION LABELL There is a question in the minds of many as to whether the union label is not a kind of boycott, and some believe both the label and the boycott an outrage upon the public. In a recent talk with John Mitchell I asked asked him what he thought about it.

"The union label is perfectly legitimate. and it is one of the chief weapons of organized labor in its warfare against the unjust employer. It was started by the California cigar Lakers to protect their work against Chinese cheap labor, and it has now spread to every branch of the cigar trade. The Cigar Makers' Union put its labels on 22,000,000 boxes of cigars last year. The label shows that those cigars were made by union men who worked for union wages under sanitary conditions. 'The union label is now used by all sorts of industries," Mr. Mitchell continued. "The Hatters' Union alone issues something like a million new labels every month, and every one goes into a union-made hat. The merchant tailors have a union label, and so have the bricklayers. The number of men who will use nothing but union goods is constantly increasing, and it now em-

braces many millions outside those who

"But," said I, "do you think the trades

belong to labor organizations."

unions have the right to boycott whom they "Of course they have," replied John Mitchell. "The boycott is not confined to organized labor. It is used by every class of society, by churches, and by all sorts of organizations as well as trades unions, Manufacturers are often boycotted by other manufacturers and by jobbers and retailers. The retailers are often boycotted by the manufacturers. Certain firms are boycotted by banks and certain banks are boycotted by the general public. In the business world men of all kinds boycott for certain reasons, and why should not the trades unions do the same? There is no doubt about the legal right to boycott. No one can compel John Smith to buy goods of John Brown. No one can compel him to travel in the same car, sit in the same church or eat at the same table. I think, however, that the boycott should be open and above board, and that the man to be boycotted should have the right to be heard before the boycott is enforced. I don't believe that the boycott should be intemperate or unjust. I don't think, for instance, that it is right to dismiss a school teacher because her father worked during a strike nor to allow the children of union workmen in school to boycott the children of a nonunion workman. It would be unjustifiable to refuse the last services to a dring man, whatever his past record has been. and I would disapprove of any boycott which should in any way disturb the burial

Speaking about the hatters' label I had an interesting talk in New York the other day with John Phillips, the secretary of the United Hatters of North America, who number 10,000, an army as large as that which Xenophon led on his march to the



Don Smythe, President Adscript Club

so essential to a successful advertising Paramore, who won the debate,

THE SOCIAL SIDE.

members of the club.

One of the most enjoyable entertainments was the banquet held on March 14 at the